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# **INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL**

**Illustrated With 35  
Drawings  
of Sorority Girl  
Initiations**

**Candor Books Inc.  
Post Office Box 748  
Madison Square Station  
New York, New York 10019**

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## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

The thin rope hurt, hurt terribly. I stood passive and fearful as the strange girls would strand after strand beneath my breasts and about my elbows, pinioning my arms to my sides so tightly that each indrawn breath was telling me that each fresh cinching of the rope was taking me further and further from freedom.

I looked down at the supple white strands as these girls circled my body with them and drew each one cruelly tight. They were so neat about it! And so frighteningly efficient. I was really scared.

I had not expected anything like this to be part of my Sorority initiation. I even saw some of the girls holding paddles in their hands and I could just feel what was coming to me. They had walked into my small room so casually. No knock.

They just slipped silently in and grasped me from behind. There was something about them and about the menace of the small paddles which they held menacingly in their hands. This robbed me of all my courage. I stood obediently, with my knees trembling and unsteady, as they brutally and swiftly went about their initiation task of rendering me helpless.



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

Her voice calm and incisive as her movements, said: "This is going to work out just fine, Doll." Then she gave a final vicious tug at the rope and knotted it so that my elbows and my body were held immovably together, my breathing fighting the constriction about my middle.

"You and I will enjoy this little initiation of your's until the heat's off and you become a full member of the Sorority. And I'm going to fix you so that you won't give me any trouble." Without a wasted motion, she now went to work on my wrists.

She looped one wrist with a wickedly tight strand of rope. I was thankful for the long black kid leather gloves which I was wearing and which absorbed a little of the harshness of the ropes as they bit at me. Then she circled the fingers of my right hand, after removing the protecting leather gloves, with tightly bound thin ropes which she pulled taut, drawing the ropes as much as her strength made possible.

Every time the rope was made to pass a finger, it was again looped around and drawn tightly and attached to other bondage ropes around my body and in the space of a few minutes I was quite helpless.





## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

I could not move my arms. I could not move my hands. It was even difficult and painful to move my body, so tightly had the rope been bound around me. Fearfully I looked at this beautiful creature who had made me captive and I asked, "What are you going to do to me?"

"Nothing, Doll! Nothing at all," she assured me airily. "I'll just keep you a tight little prisoner while putting you through your sorority initiation."

"But for how long? And why...?" my voice faltered.

"As long as we want and because we want to see if you are brave enough to stand our strenuous initiation, as we do not accept weaklings in our Sorority." Her eyes were now roving, as she continued, "I think I'll gag you. You are bound to keep on muttering at me if I don't. But I'll have to find something first..."

"No, oh please!" The exclamation burst from me involuntarily. I dreaded the thought of being gagged into a compulsive silence.

"See what I mean?" she retorted. "You'll just complain every time I tighten those ropes or make you a bit more uncomfortable. I have



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

to spend some time with you here so I'll amuse myself by being mean to you. You are just the little girl I love being mean to."

Her eyes had been busy. Now she went to my dresser and began to rummage. Before I could protest further, she turned holding triumphantly a small head scarf I had bought for a gift but never used. "Goody!" she exclaimed, "you'll love this. It should make a most effective gag for you."

After the leader of the Sorority initiation squad had gagged me quite effectively with the scarf, she picked up a rubber swim tube from my closet. I watched, breathless, as she took my scissors and made a hole through the soft rubber, then threaded a length of cord through it and advanced towards me.

"Kneel down," she ordered me crisply. I thought of disobeying, but instantly the pain of my present bondage prompted visions what this girl could now do to me. I did as I was told, wondering how the leader, who was called Josie by the Sorority girls, was going to tie me up now. "Don't fight it," said Josie, as she forced the rubber swim tube over my knees and lower limbs.



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

Brutally her strong fingers thrust so that my limbs were constricted by the rubber tube to their limit. The rubber tube forced my legs under me and held them fast as if they were held in a tight vise. My captor knotted the ends of cord tightly at the back of my spine.

Seeking to utter a protest, I found I could not make a sound of any kind from my mouth. Angrily I flung my head from side to side. But my companion's improvisation imposed a cruel, painful and effective silence upon me. She grinned at my struggles, pleased.

"That's a better gag than anyone every thought of--now let's see about your ankles," she said. In spite of the pain of the ropes, I felt compelled to lean forward and watch as my ankles were prisoned in the same way as my elbows and wrists. But now the bite of the cords was even more bitter.

My gloves had helped a bit with my arms and wrists, but nylons were no protection at all. Again the cruel fingers looped and pulled. I winced and twisted with the pain. My tormentor was working behind me and as I watched, I not only felt the steady biting constriction, but I was able to see the white bands as they were



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

cinched deeper and deeper into my flesh. Then the final knot and without warning other ropes about my knees, forcing them to squeeze together. A moment later, I kneeled, helpless, unable to move or utter a sound!

The leader sat down on a hassock and surveyed me, a pleased smile on her beautiful cruel face. "Try and get loose," she directed. Angrily I obeyed. I had a sudden overwhelming desire to be free. I was scared and in pain. To be made helpless like this was a new experience in life.

My futile struggles were a gesture of revolt. But they were in vain. I was held fast in the grip of the white rope. It bit and constricted me everywhere. I could writhe impotently. That was all. I desisted when I saw that my efforts gave pleasure to this girl who had fastened me thus.

Her eyes were avid. I sensed her enjoyment of my pain and helplessness. I longed to speak, but my tongue and lips were held in as tight a bondage as were my ankles and wrists. I kneeled quietly in my pain and waited, almost exhausted by my efforts to get loose, and very disgusted.



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

"It's all very simple," said Josie. Her voice was amused and assured. "You will be our guest for a while. No one will look for us here." She then ordered the girls to change my bondage and remove my dress so that it would not interfere with the new bondage.

"Won't need to use this on you now," Josie commented, as she placed my dress in the closet. Next she locked and bolted the door. Then she came and pinched my ear playfully and painfully. "I love the way I have you tied now--I think that you look very cute."

The rubber swim tube was once again placed over my knees as I knelt, forcing my thighs together. She now made a brief inspection of my bondage. Nodding with approval at what she saw, she said:-

"Too bad you can't speak. You could call me Josie." She made a sudden tug at the ropes round my arms and said, "Hurt?" I nodded frantically because it hurt like blazes.

"Good! I want it to hurt. I'm going to give you a pain or two while I have this chance. Ever been tied up before?" I knew that she saw the apprehension in my eyes as I shook my head.



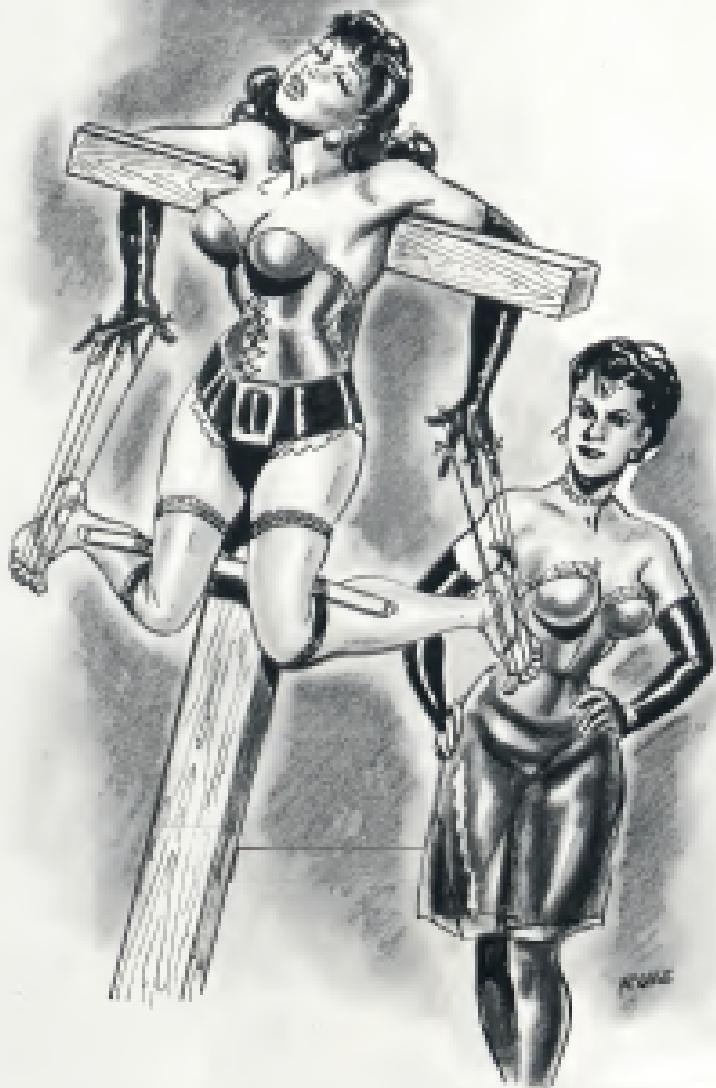
## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

"Well, you are going to be tied up now--but good! I get a bit of amusement out of seeing you squirm during this initiation. I know that the bondage is making you uncomfortable." She did as she pleased with me, as I was quite helpless now.

Josie found some shelf boards in a closet. Humming a gay little tune, she thrust a shelf under my chin and against my knees and bound my wrists. Next she loosened my wrists and dragging them forward, she tied them out thrust together in front of my stomach, as the shelf at my chin and knees would allow.

Again I watched the white cord bed itself tightly into my skin. When Josie finished, I was truly uncomfortable and in great pain. I turned beseeching eyes towards her. But she only chuckled.

"Worse to come, Doll," she assured me cheerfully. I tried to move, but it hurt too much. The wooden shelf dug into my chin and the ropes round my wrists stung and burned. I was forced to kneel upright and erect. It was most uncomfortable and a great strain on my body. "This is good for your posture, Doll," Josie commented grudgingly.



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

I just stood--what else could I do? It was a strange new feeling to be so completely under the domination and will of another. I knew that Josie could do anything she wished with me. I could not defend myself nor protest.

Then one of the sorority girls gave me several playful swats with a sorority paddle. I was then removed to the Sorority headquarters. Josie made me stand there for what seemed a long time. Then quite suddenly she thrust me so that I fell face down on a bed.

I was thankful that it was the softness of the bed that received my bound torso. It was a terrible feeling to fall like this, yet be helpless to move even a finger to save yourself. I rested there for a while, recovering from my vast exertions in struggling to break the ropes which held me fast.

In this position I could not see what was being done to me. But I felt the new cord around my ankles and knew that it was then brought up around the wooden post that was so cruelly wracking my elbows behind me. Then Josie began to pull. It was only a moment until my back was arched and my bound feet pulled up almost to the small of my back!



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

It was a wicked position to tie a girl in. Josie chuckled. But I had to lay back and suffer, bound to a "T" shaped post, with my ten fingers tied with stout strings to my toes! A gag was placed over my mouth and I hung precariously over the "T" bar, with most of my body weight resting on my arms.

My new helplessness pleased Josie for a while. But Josie proved to be a capricious initiator. Now I felt her changing my bondage. Inwardly I heaved a sigh of pure ecstasy, as my back and elbows were relieved from their arched prisonment.

But the relief was short. A long steel stick was placed in the crook of the knees at the back of my legs. A length of rope was brought up and looped round the stick at each end. Even though my ankles were not now tied together, my knees were still tightly bent. As Josie tightened the ropes, I found that each of my toes were pulled up behind me and spread out towards the end of the fingers to which they were now fastened.

This meant that each ankle was a burning circle of fire and that great strain was now placed on my knees, so that there, too, was a



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

focal point of bitter pain. Then heavy steel weights were added one at a time to the steel stick resting at the back of my knees.

My head lay over the end of the "T" bar. Miserably I watched a tear fall from my down-turned eyes and splash on the carpet. I wondered why Josie was so cruel to me. I yearned to speak. I hated that cloth gag over my lips and prisoning my tongue. The band across my cheeks and behind my neck bit and hurt every time I moved.

And how I longed to move! It hurt though. I tried to move my feet in this new position in which Josie had bound them. But they were so tightly bound and spread so wide outwards and attached to my fingers that it hurt even to wriggle.

The end of that wretched stick was also punishing my legs and the small of my back. I had no control of them at all. I lay there on the "T" post, speechless and helpless, biting the hated gag and straining to ease the pain of the ropes that held me so securely. The Sorority members were testing my endurance. Time passed. Josie read a magazine, but I sensed that she was restless.



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

Soon I heard her give a small exclamation of satisfaction. A moment later, she was dangling before my restricted gaze a pair of steel leg and arm manacles. "Put these on, Doll," she ordered me, after I had been lifted off the "T" bar, where I had hung for what seemed to me to be an eternity.

Josie went to work on me. In a few minutes, I rose shakily from the floor, my limbs numb from their bondage, chafing the weals that the ropes had left on my wrists. My gladness to be free, however, was damped by the thought of still further initiation ordeals to come.

Looking at the steely glint in Josie's eyes, I knew I dared not make a break for freedom yet. My hands did rise, almost without volition, to free my mouth from the gag, but an angry word from my captor halted my instinctive desire to be free to speak.

Silently and sadly, I obeyed her threatening demand, as she said, "Come on now, Doll--no tricks. I don't want to hear anything you have to say. Get yourself some shoes and stockings. A corselette is all the lingerie that you'll need for your next initiation bondage. Hurry up."



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

The manacles were tight. They encased my legs and arms snugly. Josie gave a nod of approval. "Back to me," she ordered. Once more my hair felt the bite of the rope. Each arm manacle was circled several times and knotted tightly.

Then she crossed the ropes to hooks imbedded in the ceiling. The hair ropes also were threaded through a pulley but instead of tying them together, she continued to exert pressure so that my right arm was pulled up and my left wrist similarly treated. She then exerted all her strength to pull.

Bracing her knee against my back, she was able to pull my hands and arms far back so that they were crossed. She then bound them thus. To make sure of their complete immobility, she had the pulley ropes looped around a hook nearby.

Once more I was helpless. I was unable to use my hands. Then a chain was affixed to my leg manacles and I was raised off the floor. For a few minutes I was suspended in mid-air. It is not easy to lower yourself to the floor when you have lost the use of your hands and arms.





## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

But awkwardly and with a bump I managed it and then sat mutely and watched as Josie changed my bondage again. A long wooden pole was tied to my spread-eagled legs. As usual, each strand was pulled viciously tight.

But even as I winced and cringed away from the biting cords, I could not but admire the neat efficiency with which the job was done. Next, my arms were spread-eagled and tied to a wooden stick.

The bindings were neatly circled side by side. The knots were never clumsy or likely to slip. With each binding that Josie imposed on me I knew there was no hope at all of wriggling or breaking loose. I was held fast. Not only did her strong fingers render me impotent with the harsh strands, but the tightness and cunning of the bonds made them a punishment as well as a restraint.

It was easy to see and to sense that Josie loved tying me up. That rendering me helpless in the embrace of her painful bindings gave her pleasure. I longed to ask her questions. But there I sat, the gag I hated still imposing her will of silence on me. Trying to move I managed to sway my shoulders a little.



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

But, of course, it was not long before this new bondage began to pall on my tormentor. She began brushing my legs and ankles and wrists with a brush dipped in honey. I was bent awkwardly forward and found myself looking unhappily at the terrible trick that was to be part of my next initiation punishment.

I was again quite helpless. I knew that if I struggled, it would do me no good. Frightened, I sat and waited. At least this was better than that other ordeal. I wondered about the sticky honey on me and my face fell when I saw a sorority girl holding a glass container filled with ants!

"You look took comfortable," Josie told me grimly. I would have gasped with fright, had I been able to do so. As it was, I looked imploringly up at her as she tipped over the ants on my lower limbs. But she only grinned and stepped aside to watch the terrified expression of horror spread over my face, as I saw a few ants start crawling towards my legs.

I was not in any position to use my hands to crush the ants. Now I was in real peril. I dared not even try and wriggle for fear of attracting the rest of the slowly crawling ants.







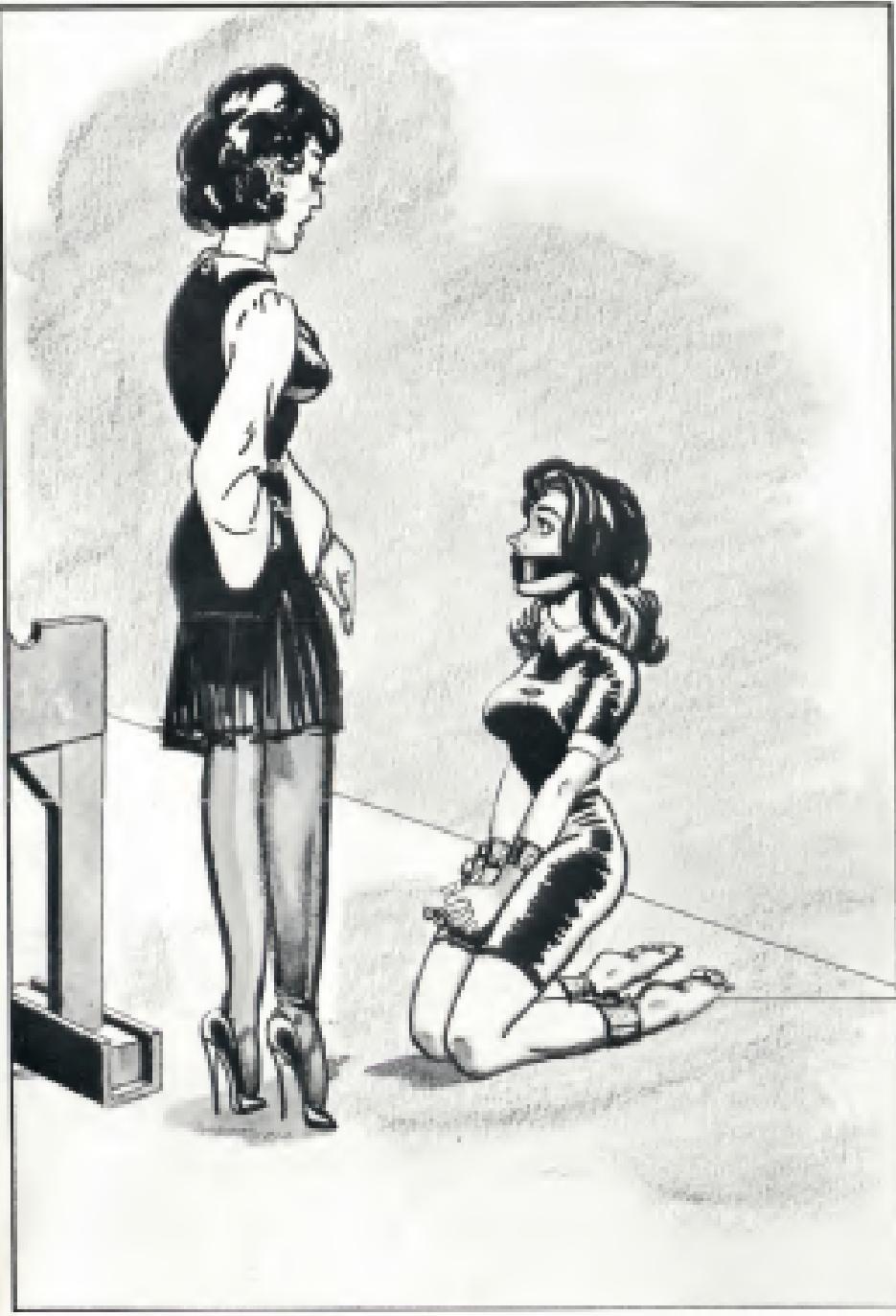
## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

So tightly was I fastened, that I could not move in my sitting position. I teetered uncertainly on one side and the tight bondage kept me upright. Josie now sat eyeing my plight with amusement and evident enjoyment.

"Well, anyway, Doll," she observed, "you are in the same spot as the chap who wore the tight shoes. It's going to feel awful good when you take 'em off." Maybe I should have smiled. But you can't really smile with your lips held apart by a gag.

Anyway, I was sadly preoccupied in trying to sit with as little strain as I could manage. This was a thoroughly miserable position to be in. I could not move at all. After a few tentative wriggles, I gave up trying. Much of my weight was resting on my right side. But I could do nothing to ease it. I lay there bound in my pained position and suffered.

Josie nudged me with her toe and she admonished me, "When I make a joke, laugh. Ropes feel good and tight? How do the ants feel on your legs?" I had only my eyes with which to communicate. I tried to make them eloquent of distress as I looked up at her from the floor.





## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

"They are tight, aren't they?" she chuckled. "All about you can do is blink. You sure look unhappy laying there like that. Would you like to be let loose?" I nodded in spite of my better judgement. Josie just laughed and brushed the ants from the legs where they had become stuck in the sticky honey and could go no further.

I breathed a sigh of relief that this part of my initiation was now over. "I can't bear that imploring look you keep giving me, Doll," she told me, "so I'm going to retie you after you wash off all that sticky mess and start with the paddling part of your Sorority initiation.

The frantic look of horror I flashed her did no good at all. After a quick shower and change of attire, I was ready to be paddled. Kneeling beside me, she bound a weight tightly over my ankles and pushed it securely behind my foot on the floor, while one girl held me fast as the weight was attached.

I was now helpless as well as dumb and unable to move. It was a strange and eerie feeling. I could not move. I could not speak. I was in a world of helplessness and at the mercy of this stern and lovely girl who



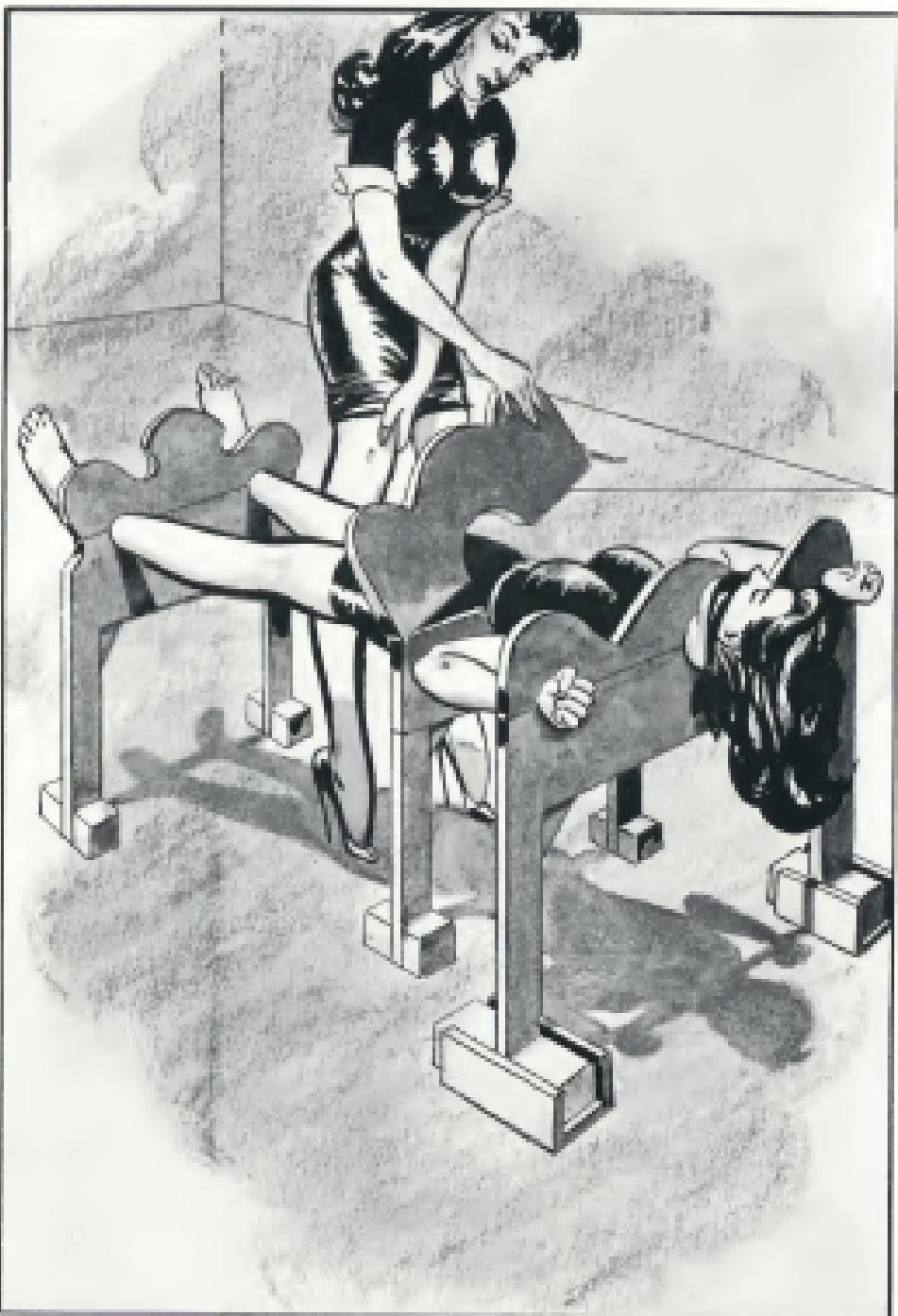
## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

did as she pleased with me. I found my derriere tingling at the thought of what she might now do, but which I knew was bound to be quite painful and irritating to my buttocks.

I worked my wrists against their cords. I felt I had to make some effort. But I could not even twist them. Savagely I tugged, almost finding satisfaction in the pain I brought upon myself. My hands were the only part of me that held even the faintest hope of release.

But it was a foolish effort. I could hear Josie sniggering. The ropes did not give even a fraction. I lay still waiting for the first paddle blow to land on my unprotected buttocks. It was pure agony. I could hear Josie moving about the room. But I could not guess what she was doing. Frightening thoughts of what she might do to me if she chose flitted through my mind.

Perhaps if I suffered nothing worse than to be tied up tightly and painfully I might count myself lucky. I suddenly realized that there might be worse things than being tied. My reverie was rudely broken by two strong swats on my posterior. I found myself stung and jolted as I had never been before.





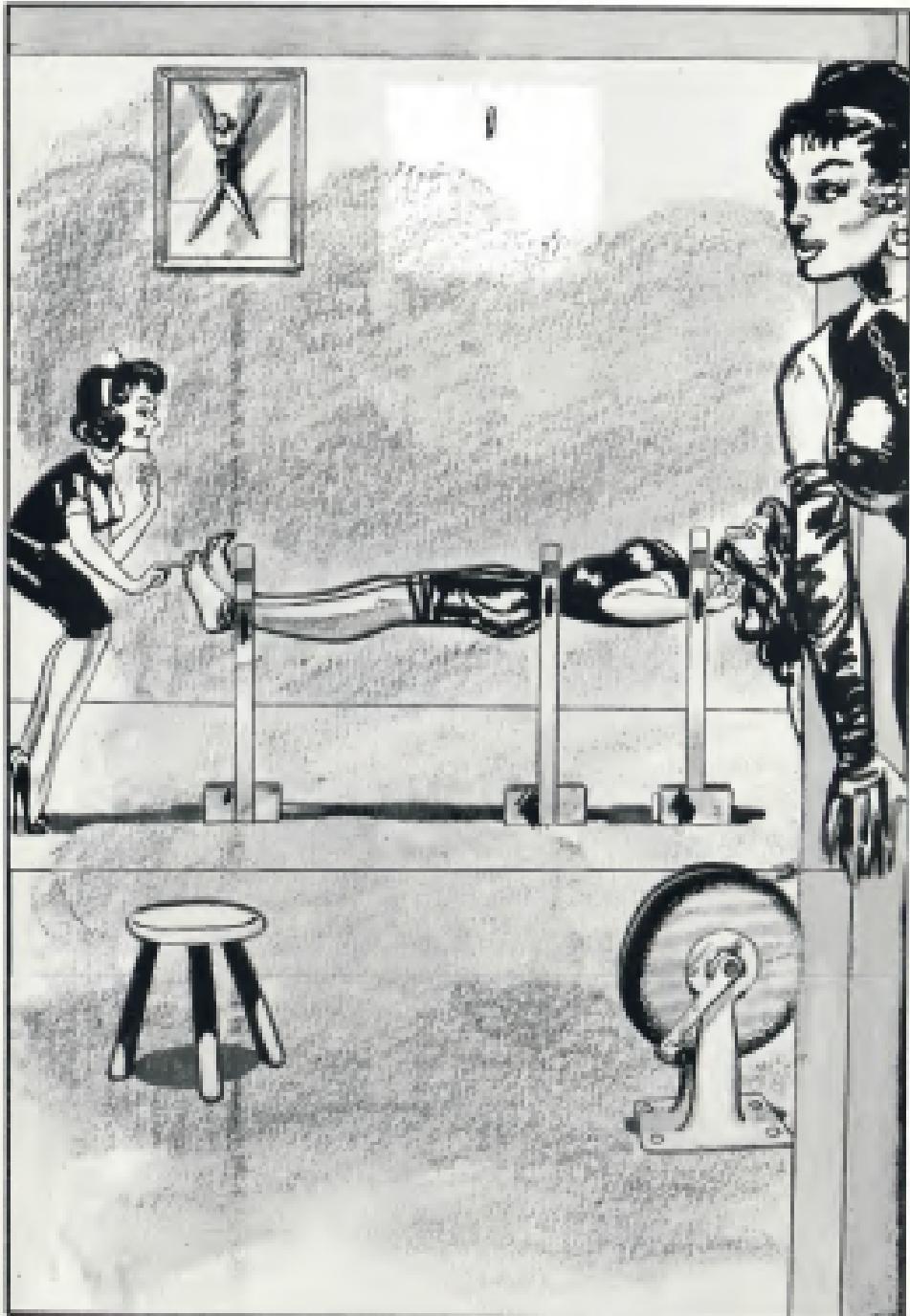
## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

Maintaining my equilibrium was now an added ordeal, as the girls took turns in swatting me with the initiation paddle. "We will make this a little endurance contest." Josie's voice came to me in my agony--as usual it held a ring of amusement and enjoyment.

"You are not too comfortable there, are you? So I'm going to make you just stand there the way you are for as long as I want. Just to make it interesting for both of us, there is going to be a little forfeit. As long as you can stand it, OK. But if you shift, struggle or try to avoid a swat, then there will be a punishment waiting for you. Now let's see how you make out."

There wasn't much I could do about it. I wondered hopelessly what punishment she had in store for me that would be worse than the one I was enduring right now.

I would never have believed it was possible for a human being to be tied so tightly as I was; that a girl could be thus robbed of all volition and movement; that speech and movement could all be taken away from her. All this at the whim of a class-mate no older than myself! I felt shamed and humiliated, but still very scared of Josie.





## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

I ached and longed to shift position. But the cords denied me this. Each binding, each stricture of looped cord bit and burned at my wrists, ankles, knees and elbows. The gag in my mouth was a constant irritation. I could not move it.

I longed to swallow, but I could not. I longed to open or close my lips and teeth, but I could not. The gag covered my mouth. The knots which held it in place had burned themselves into the skin of my cheeks and neck. I felt constantly impelled to throw my head from side to side, even though I knew it was a futile effort to rid myself of the hated thing. It would fill my mouth for as long as Josie chose to leave it there.

So I concentrated on sitting still in the dark with only my pain and the sound of Josie's whacks to keep me company. Perhaps it was this very concentration that finally betrayed me. I drifted into a deep depressed feeling that had no ups or downs or movement.

Suddenly I knew that I had lost the delicate thread of balance. A spasm of fear sent every nerve and sinew surging against the ropes that held me.









## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

Then ignominiously and helplessly, I fell sideways and once more my head hit the carpet with a painful thump! I lay there still, quite scared. "Bravo!" Josie clapped her hands gleefully. "You were bound to fall. It was just a case of time. You did pretty well. I began to think that I might have to give you a nudge. I wanted you to fall because I have something extra special in store for you now."

It was good to see the light again. I blinked fearfully as Josie whisked the blindfold away. As usual, she lost no time and wasted no words. She untied my ankles, my elbows and my knees.

But even in my relief at this partial release, I shrank at what I saw next. It was a set of wooden stocks and pillory gadgets which would hold me stiff and rigid. She spread my legs and placed them into the stocks almost the full length apart.

Next, she tightly bound a gag around my mouth. Then, untying my wrists, she quickly placed them over my head and through the handles in the stocks. To make this bondage doubly effective, one of the girls started tickling my feet! This was something I could not stand.





## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

Now I found myself sitting on the floor, my ankles fastened wide apart. I was compelled to lean forward by my wrists being tied to the same stick as my ankles. My hands were stretched well in front of me. They could not reach each other, nor could I reach them in any other way.

The ropes that joined and held my elbows and knees together held me rigidly in this half-sitting, half-crouching and bending position, so that struggle as I might, I could not deviate from it a single inch. As usual, Josie had tied me tightly and severely and with complete competence.

"Guess you are wondering about the punishment, aren't you, Doll?" Josie inquired conversationally. "Well, let's see if we can't get you in a better position for it." Without warning, she stooped and seized the stocks to which I was affixed.

With a quick heave she lifted and thrust. A moment later I found myself lying on my back, with my hands and feet in the air, held so by the attachment to the single stock to which they were attached. It was a ludicrous and shamming position.



## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

It robbed a girl of all dignity. I considered rolling over, but this was not possible because of the wide span of the stock which held my feet so widely apart. I had no choice but to lay on my back, half doubled up by the manner in which Josie bound me. I began to glimpse what she had meant about punishment.

But the full impact of her intention was not yet disclosed to me. She stood and smiled down at my awkward suffering. "You sure look silly," she commented happily. "Looks uncomfortable, too. Are you ready for your punishment now?"

She saw the startled look in my eyes and laughed. "Didn't think this was it, did you? Oh, but I can see you did think so. Think a bit more, Doll. Doesn't your present position suggest something?"

I knew that I was being played with. My position only suggested humiliation, pain and discomfort. I could not speak. I just waited. Taking her time, Josie knelt. Smiling wickedly she opened up some mouse traps and I screamed silently. I was now bound to a "U" shaped wooden form with my legs untied and I wondered what was next.





## INITIATION PUNISHMENT FOR SORORITY GIRL

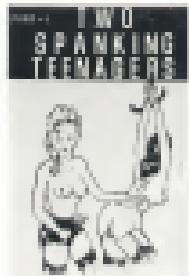
Now in this strained and bent position, I realized that the mice were close to my legs. I had to stamp madly to keep the mice away. "Have you ever been bitten before, Doll?" Josie inquired pleasantly from a safe distance.

Unknown to me, some of the sorority girls in another room, disgusted with Josie's wicked hazing of sorority initiates, had figured that I had had enough punishment, so they forced Josie to resign as President. In order to humiliate their deposed leader, they decided that my courage, endurance and good sportsmanship in taking my Sorority initiations entitled me to be the Temporary President of the Sorority.

As my first command as their new leader, I ordered Josie to kneel down in front of me and to kiss my feet. Then while Josie was reluctantly obeying my command, I pushed her over onto her side with my foot, where she fell to the floor. Next, I placed I placed one foot on Josie, holding her down, while I gave a victory sign over the chagrined ex-leader of the Sorority. I was loudly applauded by the other girls for humiliating Josie, who never gave me any more trouble.

THE END

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